CHARLES VIEWER 1989

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CHARLES VIEWER

1989

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The Charles Viewer is a student-run art and literary journal which is comprised entirely of the creative work of the students of Fisher College. This magazine is edited and produced by the students with the assistance of the offices of Student Services and Public Relations.

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Marlene Scarpatte
Erica J. Scholly
Tiffany M. Suzewits
Caroline Waldron

FIFTH ANNUAL CHARLES VIEWER
ART AND LITERARY AWARDS

WINNERS

Prose

IF THEY ONLY KNEW	Tiffany M. Suzewits

Poetry

20TH CENTURY HISTORY	Carri Gangi

Art

FALL '88	Erica J. Scholly

Photography

NEW DIMENSION	Justine Peroni

HONORABLE MENTION

Poetry

BREWING LIBERTY	Jane Pellino
A REMEMBRANCE	Rachel Griffin
SMOKESTACKS	Tiffany M. Suzewits

Art

ITALIAN DRIVING SHOE	Erica J. Scholly

Photography

SOMETHIN' FISHY IS GOING ON	Caroline Waldron

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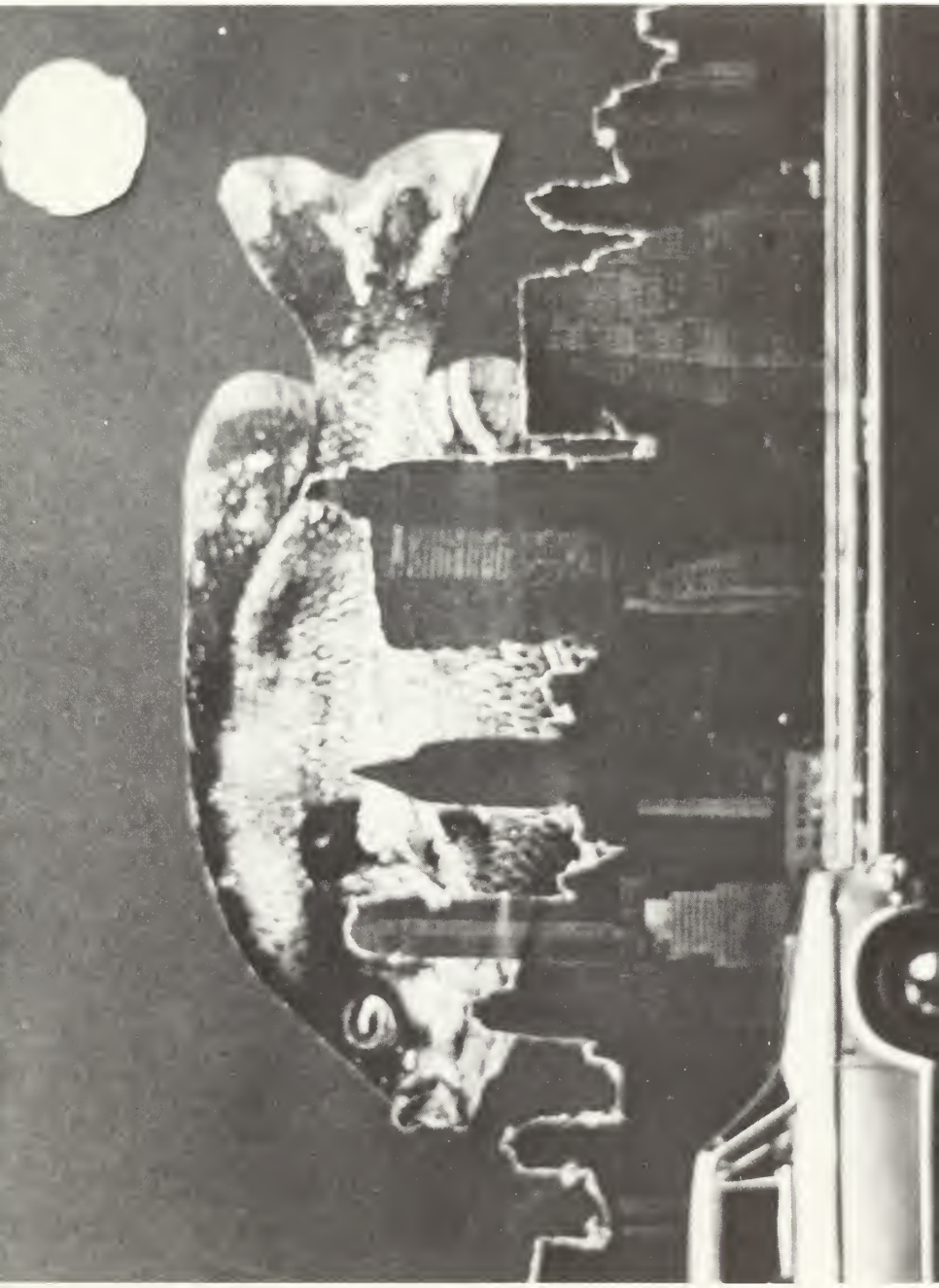
NOW HE'S GONE

I knew it was wrong
The moment he hung up the phone
Everyone was waiting
The party was in full swing
All the drinks
Went down like water
The mirror was set on the table
The bag full of white powder
Half dumped on the mirror
The other half still in the bag
Finally ten lines
Cut so carefully
He didn't have to
But he did
The feeling of being rejected
Would have been unbearable
After taking in the last line
He sat back
Finally satisfied with himself
Proving to everyone he could handle it
As he tried to stand up
Pain shot through his chest
His hand grasped at his shirt
And he slumped to the floor
If I had been there
If only we weren't fighting
Now he's gone
Why did it have to end that way?

Lorie Dering



SOMETHIN' FISHY IS GOING ON HERE
Caroline Waldron

WINGSPAN

Little bird, so young,
You've seen so much more than I.
Stay here and share with me please
The many places you've visited today.
Perhaps you've just come from Europe
Or an island
Or the Mexican Riviera.
How I wonder what sights
Your little eyes have seen.
Where have you just come from?
What places will you visit next?
To you it does not matter, does it?
I wish I were you, little bird
Chirping proudly my worldly wisdom.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

MR. MISCHIEF
Mary Ann Messina

MISTER

The drifter stands alone--
Even though he's with many people.
He looks to the eyes of others,
Searching for what he really needs.
You wonder if my words mean nothing--
Because you see him smiling.
But I can feel his bleeding heart--
And I can read his dusty thoughts.
Do not speak of your homeland to him--
For he dreams deeper
Than your petty heartache.
This drifter has no homeland--no home.
You think you help
By acting as his friend.
But were you there for him?
Soon he will leave as several times before
And you may even notice.
But then what?
Then, no longer will you wonder
Where he is--
No longer will you wonder
If he's doing okay.
Do not look at me as if astonished--
I've seen it happen before.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

FROM A DISTANCE

I saw you today
For the first time since--
It's been so long
I can't even say.
What made me look
I do not know.
But our eyes met and held
Before sadly pulling away.
Not a word was said--
Our eyes said it all.
The message was clear
And the intensity was mutual.
I love you still
As I always will.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

BREWING LIBERTY

I've been so tired lately
I haven't been myself
I haven't been anyone
I've just been.

I get up and walk out the door
Each morning
Not knowing my purpose,
No reasoning,
Just marching in like a soldier
To worship something I do not believe in.
They do, so I must.
If I stopped
They would be speechless
And feel they did wrong.
They'd go off to worship,
Asking that I might see the light.
None did wrong,
I just found myself,
After being buried under protection
And the laundry in a pile on the floor
With only my brain sticking out
While they told me what to believe.
They told me I was free to choose.
All the while they were thinking
That I would not choose,
I could not think.

I can, and I can live on my own
Without someone giving me
Times to function.
I want to live at midnight
Instead of noon,
I want to laugh when I'm sad
And cry when I'm happy
I want to be able to live on
After laughing.

Jane Pellino

A REMEMBRANCE

As day breaks, They arrive.
They rush past me,
But they know I am here.
They are afraid ...
Afraid they may see
A reflection of Themselves in me.
I will take the guilt-induced donation.
But a smile or a word of amity
Would faster fill the void
To help me remember I am more than this
Dust on which I lie.
I was once one of Them.

Rachel Griffin

HOBBES
Caroline Waldron

SCENE TWO

Time has stolen
Time has warped
Time has played its act
Done exceptionally well.
Always the enemy till the very end.
But now if I may--
Bestow upon you one wish:
To grant me Time.
Time has acted as the enemy.
I wish to start over,
To make peace
With a lifelong villain.
I wish to play in unison
With the ripper of my heart.
We shall flow together
We shall do it all correctly.
This time
Time shall be my friend.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

FLUTE
Kelly Rogers

And try as I might to do nothing
My life will try harder to make me
Do something

Marlene Scarpatte

GEOMETRIC
Dawn Fusi

THROUGH MY EYES

As the children cry
I can see in their tears
The reflections of a lost world.

As the seasons change
I can see in their colors
The dullness of a dying world.

As the countries fight
I can see in their destruction
The costs of an ignorant world.

As the people suffer
I can see in their pain
The pictures of a heartless world.

As I try to turn away
And close my eyes I wonder--
Who will dry the tears
Of the children
Brighten the colors of the seasons
Rebuild the destruction of the countries
And cure the pain of the suffering?

Sadness overcomes my heart
As I realize
The world cannot see what I see--
It is blinded
By the darkness of greed.

Heather McKee

THE DARK SIDE
Dawn Fusi

SPECIAL

When it comes that final hour,
He hasn't called;
I feel reality setting upon me
As it does each night.

I don't feel let down.
I don't want to cry.
My porcelain heart is still there;
It hasn't cracked yet.
Is it love?
Or is it maturity knowing not to weaken?
It could be I don't want
To lose our friendship.
He's the only real friend I've had.
He doesn't laugh at me as I am.
He has the compassion and warmth
That all the others don't have
And probably never will
In the eyes of my heart.

Jane Pellino

SHE SITS

nothing to search
nothing to wonder
nothing to imagine
nothing to question

she sits in front of the window
staring at the rain

search the mind
wonder about the past
imagine the future
question today

she stands and walks away
for the rain has stopped.

Heather McKee

THE TREE OF LIFE
Dawn Fusi

EIGHTEEN

I blow out the candles and another page turns, beginning a new chapter. Tears form in my eyes as I think back to the previous pages and remember how they were filled. Picture by picture, paragraph by paragraph.

The years to come are just blank pages. What will these chapters be made up of? Fear, wonder, and excitement are in my heart anticipating the words and pictures to be recorded.

Suddenly the tears stop as I wonder--
How will I decorate the cover?

Heather McKee

THE CANDLE

As the hours pass
My life becomes shorter.
My once radiant flame is
Weak and low.
I am no longer sturdy and
Strong as I once was.
The heat has made me soft and frail.
A gentle breeze could end
This delicate life.
Like an old man
Lonely and forgotten
I stand in solitude
Weeping my waxen tears.

Rachel Griffin

NAKED BEAUTY
Meg Ruggles

WAITING FOR THE SUN TO SET

Waiting for the sun to set
Colors in the fading sky
Reflecting in my lover's eyes
Softly talking to one another
We let our fears go
Things made easier in the night
Are just as common for us in the light

Jane Pellino

A FROZEN CHRISTMAS TREE
Annie Melaragno

The bill is not paid
The princess has no money
Cinderella's doomed

Lesley Gayle

New life being born
In a floating buttercup
Pure and unblemished

Karen O'Brien

MY CITY
Annie Melaragno

I DREAM OF HAPPINESS

I dream of happiness
For a limited time only.
Crashing!
Back to my existence,
Reality.
I wonder;
Advantages,
Safety? or...
Momentary bliss?
A lapse of consideration
I squeeze by
Into the carriage
That takes me
To your voice.
Over and over
Your name
Such a sweet melody
Serenading my soul.

Jane Pellino

20TH CENTURY HISTORY

Lost in the thoughts of the 17th century
I pour over my books
A ring breaks my concentration
I lean over and answer the phone
A familiar voice questions mine
     and I smile
Feelings rush into me like a waterfall
     Spinning down
          Down towards the ground
Until I replace the receiver
And realize what I've done
Do I regret saying no?
Going back to history in my thoughts
But not of the 17th century

Carri Gangi

STRANGER ON THE TRAIN

Do not look at me
As if you're going to speak.
My eyes
They pierce
Your presence
Trying to move in on me.
One touch is all you want.
I've felt it before.
Not yours,
The strangle of a boa--
Like yours.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

I AM

I am the sparkle in a newborn's eye, when it takes its first look at the world.
I am the child who is scared to grow old, looking toward the future.
I am the teenager who longs to be held, from a family with no emotions.
I am the petal of the rose that gently floats to the ground, when I'm left standing there alone.
I am the kite that gets stuck in the trees, trying to get free.
In a lonely room, I am the dust that collects in the corner.
I am the book that gets lost on the shelf, in a library filled with knowledge.
In a swan's habitat, I am the ugly duckling.
In an untenanted house, I am the phone that rings aimlessly.
In the sky, I am the sun that hides behind the clouds, when I'm scared to face a problem.
I am the storm that persists above, when I want my own way.
On the ocean front, I am the vessel that diminishes into the horizon, yearning to be left alone.
I am the balloon that is let go, on the day I leave home.
After a restless night, I am tranquil, and yet, I am the river that soon runs dry, after my life has been fulfilled.

Jill Randall

UNIQUE ADDICTION

Fresh air is what I need. The sleeves of my coat are reaching out from underneath a pile of clothes near my bed. Bending down, I yank at one of the sleeves, sending a shirt across the room. Landing, it scatters a collection of late notices from several creditors.

On the way out of my apartment, I stop in front of the hallway mirror to put on my coat. I look as if I haven't slept in a week. I run my fingers through my hair, untangling a few knots. The dark patches under my eyes aren't wiping off. I sneer at my reflection and step toward the front door. Pausing, I reach in my pocket to make sure my pills are there. They are; I take one.

Outside, it is astonishing how bright the sun has gotten since I last saw it. It's easy to decide where to go. I always go to the same place. I will go to the drug store as usual. Luckily, it's only a few blocks away and it opens early.

My pill is losing its effect. I look around. No one is watching so I quickly pop another one in my mouth. Old "Mrs. Big Nose" is pulling weeds out of the sidewalk ahead of me. That is all I need. She glares up at me over her glasses as I approach her. I put my hand in my pocket and hold on to my pills so she won't hear them jiggling around. Looking down at the ground, I quicken my stride and pass her. I hope she didn't suspect anything. If she knows, every family in my neighborhood will know.

I pull my hand out of my pocket along with two pills, open my mouth, and drop them in. Suddenly, I see stars and feel my hair being grabbed. From behind, I am slammed into the dewy grass and dragged to my feet by my jacket collar. Adjusting my vision, I see the person who has just interrupted my walk. I recognize him from somewhere. "Give me your pills!" I can't do that! What can I tell him? "Now," he says, pounding my spine into a tree. I reach in my jeans, pull out my pills, throw them on the ground, and run.

I can see the drugstore. I run fast, my heart pounding, my breath sounding very unhealthy. I need a pill. Running faster, I finally reach the drugstore parking lot, duck behind a car, and look for my attacker. He's not following me. I lean against the car and catch my breath. The drugstore sells pills; that's what I need.

Slowly, I approach the entrance to the drugstore. I see pills behind the counter. My mouth is watering. A motorcycle pulls up and a bearded man takes off his helmet, dismounts, and walks past me. "Hey Mister!" He looks around, realizes I'm talking to him, and walks up to me. "If I give you a dollar will you go in there and buy me some of those pills?" I ask while pointing, to show him what I mean. He takes the dollar, smiles at me, and goes in. I pretend to look at some magazines while he makes the buy.

He goes up to the register, looks at me, and asks the young clerk, "May I have some TIC TACS?" I watch him get his change and go out to his motorcycle.

I drop the magazine and hurry out of the store. "Thanks Mister," I say, and grab the pills. My hands are shaking with anxiety and desperation; I break the seal and pour a mouthful down my throat. The man licks his lips and swallows. "Do you mind if I have one?" "Sure, but be careful," I say.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

Clouded mountain tops
Trees sheltering frozen ground
Water forming falls

Tiffany M. Suzewits

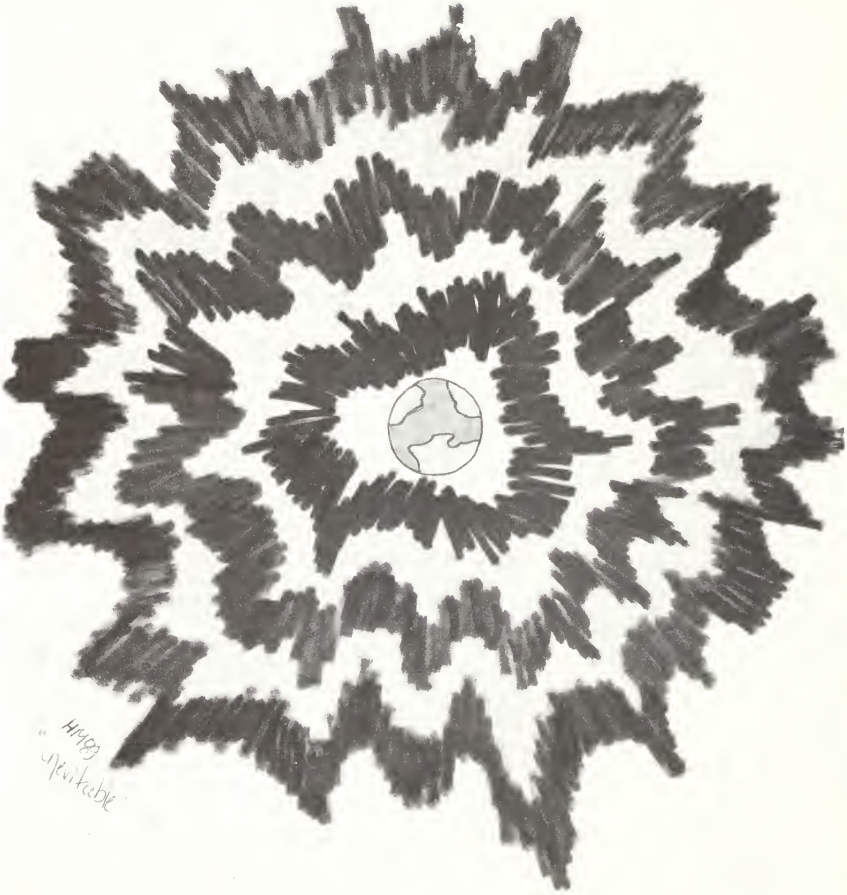
ATHENA
Marlene Scarpatte

THE WILL TO SUCCEED

The will to succeed
Is the will to live
Success is the necessity of existence

Life is a dream
Unyielding to any limit of imagination
Yet yielding to the goal of fulfillment.
Some die with the nightmare of
Unfulfillment
Others bleed to the end--for pride
Dominates--
It's not to walk on the rainbow
Nor to float on the clouds--
It is the heart's supreme desire
Still--unyielding to ambition and greed-
When the conflict with the mind
The clanging duel with the soul
Has been won--
This is the triumphant moment and
Reconciliation gives peace.

Tiffany M. Suzewits



INEVITABLE
Heather McKee

DYING DREAM

Unknown to all but those who attended,
The great mass of
Dreaming souls
All gathered religiously to sing in unison
The song of hope.
Hallowed eyes see what is to come.
No minds in these souls
Just the ghostlike whispers
Chanting the mystery of belief.
Together they waited.
Their eyes drifting,
Floating with the mystical mind,
They saw the distant dream.
But the souls all sat--
The great mass of dreaming souls.
Together they turned to dust.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

SMOKESTACKS

The city is smothered in filth and greed.
There is a park where roses grow.
Starving and homeless elderly are ignored.
Fattened, graceful swans bathe in the pond.
Hasty commuters arrive only to reap.
Happiness is thought to bloom in the suburbs.
Glaring, purse-lipped commuters inhale the evil air,
Exhaling hostility on their neighbors.
Commuters think they have left behind the ugliness in the city.
The wind from the city blows outward
To the suburbs.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

STILL LIFE
Meg Ruggles

ANSWER BEFORE ASKED

"What is one thing you would like to do
before you die?"
You've heard the question before and
pondered over it in your youth.
"Hard to tell," would be your answer.
But now, as you lie there feeling the
darkness attacking the world
surrounding you,
The question becomes more serious.
Your new answer passes before your eyes
as they become heavier and plead to
close.
But you fight it--you wish to see the
moments that never actually existed.
Like angry frightening flashes of
lightning the bitter moments of your
cold life appear instead.
You lie suffering from the medicine
taken all your life, wishing this
could be one less thing to curse
you.
As your eyes become heavier, you lie
pleading for someone to come--
Someone to fulfill your last request--
to share a tender moment with.
No one comes, but you fight.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

FALL '88
Erica J. Scholly

IF THEY ONLY KNEW

I spent two years in art school learning all the methods of perfecting my brush strokes so that I could create lively scenery, realistic fruit bowls, and perfectly proportioned bodies. I could just kick myself in the behind now for wasting my time and money. My French art instructors are not the reasons for my success. My paintings are in the museums only because I was fed up and I had a sense of humor.

In the beginning, fame and I had nothing in common. As a matter of fact, we hadn't even been introduced. Passionately, I sat in front of my easel creating what I had hoped to be the most unbelievable painting of two otters in love. After six long months, the painting was completed. I entered it in a local contest and lost. It was inconceivable; I didn't even get an honorable mention. Surely, everyone could see the love in the otters' eyes, could feel their passion. The winners didn't show any talent at all. Where did they go to school anyway? I couldn't even tell what their paintings were!

In front of my easel again, I thought about those winners and their awful paintings, twisted faces, and blurry

something-or-others. One contestant even painted a glass of milk turned upside down! I grabbed a tube of dark purple and squirted it onto my canvas, making splotches everywhere. "They won; I can't believe they won." I picked up the lavender paint tube and made some more splotches. "Those otters were the best things I ever painted." With the mauve, I furiously aimed and shot out more splatted paint blobs. "For two whole years, I starve and live in this roach-infested studio, and for what? Nothing!" I started smearing the edges of the paint spots into each other, creating beautiful shades of purples. I pointed at the canvas and shouted at no one, "I might as well enter this mess in the contest!" I blinked and looked again, drooping my hand dumbly. I signed the painting.

I hung the painting up on the wall of the museum and beside it hung its name, Pride's Voice. I stepped back to wait to see what would happen. The judges began inspecting everyone's work from opposite ends of the room. I would be last to be judged since I was in what looked the center of the room. A man in a light grey suit with a pink shirt and purple tie tucked neatly into his jacket was the first to even glance in the direction of

Pride's Voice. I asked him with a smirk, "Do you like that?" He turned matter-of-factly, shifted his weight from one hip to the other, and spoke the unbelievable, "Do I like it?!? Oh! You have such insight. Oh, do tell me, is $20,000 too little?" Don't you know that I sort of stood there staring at him for a moment, not caring that my lower jaw had dropped and my eyes were as big as doorknobs, making me look, to say the least, unattractive. Greed responded to his offer before my moralizing lips could refuse. The miser in me snarled, "Take the money!" Yet I couldn't do that; it only took me five minutes to make this junk. "It's not for sale," I told him.

By now both judges had worked their way into the middle of the room, had stood before my painting mumbling and scribbling, and had walked off. Disappointed and guessing that again I hadn't won, I went to retrieve my painting from the wall when I saw it: a blue ribbon, a true blue, blue ribbon was stuck on the wall underneath the name of my painting. As I stared, dumb-founded, the museum director approached with quick steps, a hearty congrats, and an offer to buy my painting. This time I accepted; I don't know why, but $30,000 could have

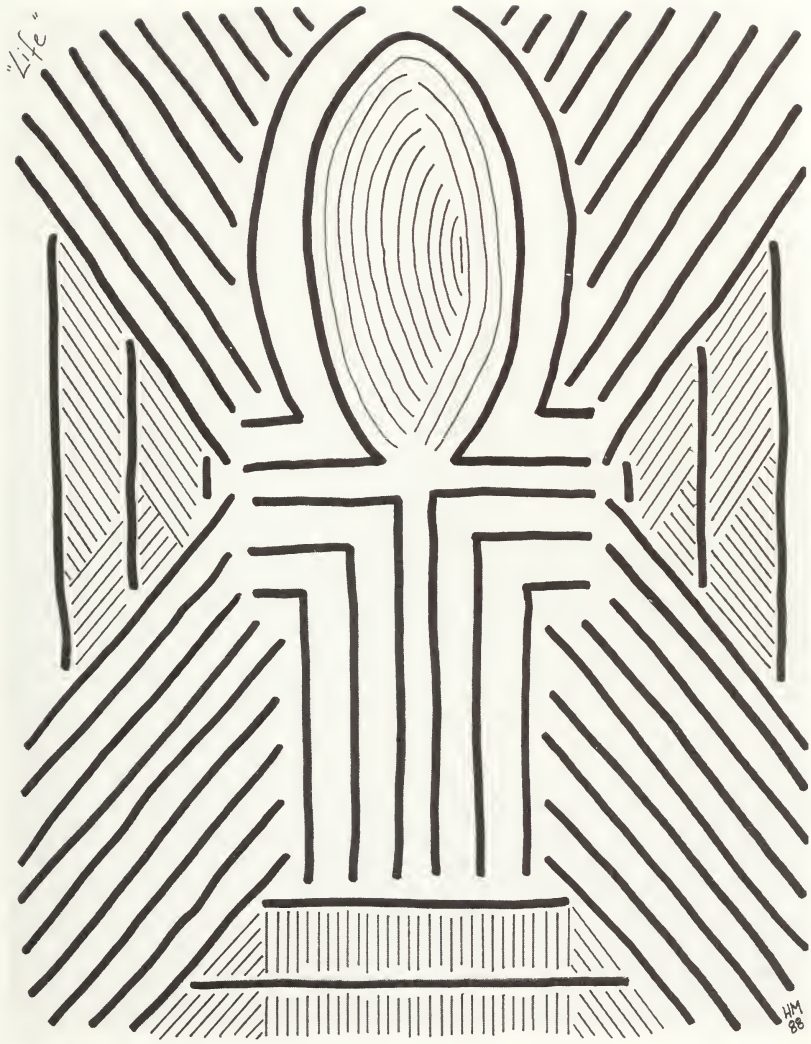
something to do with it. So far, I guess I've painted thirty marvelous creations for the museum director. They all pretty much look the same and I name them the first thing that pops into my head. My blotched canvases draw crowds of people trying to ponder over some "hidden" meaning which they think I've camouflaged in my smears.
If they only knew.

Tiffany M. Suzewits

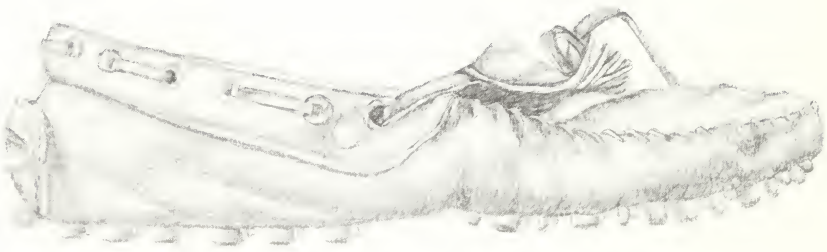
LIFE

It's a puzzle
Waiting for an eager person
To put it together.
Piece by piece
It becomes
Complete.

Heather McKee



LIFE
Heather McKee



ITALIAN DRIVING SHOE
Erica J. Scholly

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